*Standly.* Madam let's go vnto ſome houſe heereby,
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we go.
*Elnor* Ah good ſir Iohn, my ſhame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with caſting off my ſheete:
But come let vs go, maſter Sheriffe farewell,
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt.

*Exit omnes*

Enter to the Parliament.

*Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.*

*King.* I wonder our Vnkle Gloſter ſtayes ſo long.
*Queene.* Can you not ſee? or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vſe himſelfe?
The time hath beene, but now the time is paſt,
That none ſo humble as Duke Humfrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
Yet he will neither moue nor ſpeake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troopes, crying, God ſaue the good Duke Humfrey,
Honouring him as if he were their King?
Gloſter is no little man in England,
And if he liſt to ſtirre commotions,
Tis likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no ſuch thing,
Then let it paſſe, and call't a Womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Diſproue my allegations if you can,
And by your ſpeeches, if you can reproue me,
I will ſubſcribe and ſay, I wrong'd the Duke.
*Suf.* Well hath your Grace foreſeene into that Duke,
And if I had beene licenc'd firſt to ſpeake,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces tale.
Smooth runnes the brooke, vvhereas the ſtreame is deepeſt.

No,



No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloſter is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceite.

*Enter the Duke of Somerſet.*

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerſet, what newes from France?
*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is.
That all your holds and Townes within thoſe Territories
Is ouercome my Lord; all is loſt.
*King.* Cold newes indeede Lord Somerſet,
but Gods will bee done.
*Yorke.* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile England.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

*Hum.* Pardon my Liege, that I haue ſtaide ſo long.
*Suf.* Nay Gloſter know, that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arreſt thee on high Treaſon heere.
*Hum.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for thine arreſt
Whereof I am guilty, who are my accuſers?
*Yorke.* Tis thoght my lord your grace took bribes from Frãce,
And ſtopt the ſoldiers of their pay,
Through which his Maieſty hath loſt all France.
*Hum.* Is it but thought ſo? And who are they that thinke ſo?
So God me helpe, as I haue watcht the night,
Euer intending good for England ſtill,
That peny that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought againſt me at the iudgement day.
I neuer rob'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Many a pound of mine owne proper coſt
Haue I ſent ouer for the ſoldiers wants,
Becauſe I would not racke the needie Commons.
*Car.* In your Protectorſhip you did deuiſe
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath beene defam'd by tyrannie.
*Hum.* Why tis well knowne, that whilſt I was Protector
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:
A murtherer or foule felonious Theefe,

That